

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23, 1891—SIXTEEN PAGES.

NUMBER 66.

MILLIONAIRE DITCH DIGGER.

Lincoln's Richest Man Once Worked with Pick and Shovel.

JOHN FITZGERALD'S EVENTFUL LIFE.

Evicted from Ireland He Came to America and Has Amassed a Fortune—Incidents of His Career.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 22.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Hon. John Fitzgerald is one of the most unique and at the same time most prominent characters in the financial circles of Lincoln. He is the richest man at the capital city and is the most modest and unassuming. He is quoted as being worth over \$1,500,000, but is not at all puffed up over his remarkable success in life. He is as approachable as the lowest mental in his sor...

Mr. Fitzgerald was born about fifty-five years ago in Limerick county, Ireland. His father was a tenant farmer, holding at the same time a few acres of freehold property the remnant of an estate belonging to well-to-do ancestors. Misfortune visited the home and Edward Fitzgerald, the son of the name, was evicted from his farm and with his family came to America to commence life anew. John was then seven or eight years old.

Already the lad exhibited the ceaseless energy and sagacity that have been the secrets of his success in later years. John did the work of the ordinary Irish laborer and that was anything in the line of manual labor that came along.

It was during those years that one day while digging with a number of fellow laborers in a ditch for a farmer, the lad commenced figuring up "in his head" about how much it would cost to dig a ditch. The idea then flashed into his head, why not try his luck in taking the contract for the construction of the ditch. To think was to act and in a short time he made a proposition to the farmer that was accepted and John Fitzgerald, laborer, was transformed into John Fitzgerald, contractor, and he commenced the ascent of the ladder that led him to wealth.

The job proved a financial success to John and the farmer was pleased with the expeditious manner in which the young contractor pushed forward the work. Fitzgerald found out that brain work was more remunerative than physical toil and he adopted the calling of a contractor. His continued success as a contractor led him to greater ventures and in a few years in partnership with his brother Edward he turned his attention to railroads. Early in the sixties they completed several important contracts in New England and later went to Wisconsin where they put in several hundred miles of railroad also. Later they secured big contracts in Iowa and gradually worked westward. Some of the contracts secured by him were such as the contractors and thereby Mr. Fitzgerald received thousands of dollars without employing a single man.

When he came to Nebraska he first located at Plattsmouth and invested considerable of his money there. He still owns a large amount of property there that brings him big rentals. Meanwhile he continued railroad contracting and took part in the construction of the Cincinnati Southern road through Tennessee, the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic railway and the St. Louis and Canada railroad in Michigan and Indiana.

He took a prominent part in the affairs of the First National bank at Plattsmouth and eventually became its president which position he still retains.

A humorous story is told concerning him when he first became an officer of the bank. As president it was necessary for him to affix his signature to the bank notes issued by the institution. A pile of crisp ten dollar bills was brought to him one day for that purpose. Seizing a pen, Mr. Fitzgerald set to work to inscribe his autograph on each one. The successful contractor had never had time to practice an ornamental style of chirography and the first autograph written caused him to knit his brow with disgust and he indignantly took the ten dollar bill and tore it up. He then tried the next one, with no better success and the fragments of ten dollar bills No. 2 followed No. 1 into the waste basket. Again and again he tried to write his name in a style that would suit him and when the pile of bank notes began to look appreciably smaller, he struck a style of autograph that suited him. He duplicated this on the remainder of the bank notes and saved them from annihilation. To the astonished officials of the institution he explained that he proposed to have the currency issued by their bank to be a pair in appearance with those of other banks.

Mr. Fitzgerald has always been ardently attached to the cause of Ireland. He has always supported every movement consecrated to Irish liberty, and has been a strenuous and consistent champion here for the promotion of that cause. With John P. Sutton and Hon. Patrick Egan he has helped make Lincoln the headquarters of the national league of America. Mr. Fitzgerald was first elected president of the local organization and in 1888 was unanimously elected president of the national league, which position he still retains.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

White suede and chambray gloves are popular in London with all kinds of gowns. Pretty Louis coats of lace are worn with skirts of surah, China silk, net and foulard. Some fancy combs with two teeth have cut garnet cabochon tops, which look well in light or dark hair.

Feather trimmings are announced for coats, caps, dresses, hats, etc., the ostrich an exotic leading. Handkerchiefs are very elaborate. I saw some very pretty ones having the center and hem of different colors that contrasted well. The newest things in hosiery are black silk stockings with white Brussels lace fronts and stockings embroidered in forget-me-nots.

Miss Kit, who writes so entertainingly for the Toronto Mail, has no use for the young man with a saucy. She would have him chloroformed. A youthful toilet is of cream colored beige, dotted with bouquets. The upper part of the corsage is of tulle, and the riband and girle are of tulle colored satin.

Handsome gowns of magenta-white cloth, which always looks rich and tasteful on every occasion are made with vests of white silk-cord embroidery applied directly to the dress.

The latest chemises are cut en cour, or in the form called "Josephine," which is rounder than an eour, and all ornaments with lace and open work insertion.

The novelty in millinery silks up to the present is shaded velvet and satin antique. Among the noticeable combinations are

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

COMMENCING

10-NIGHT. Sunday Evening, Aug. 23. 10-NIGHT

AND MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.

THE

GARRICK OPERA COMPANY,

IN A GRAND PRODUCTION OF

Balfe's Beautiful Lyric Opera,

BOHEMIAN GIRL

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OMAHA

Bohemian Girl

WILL BE

PRODUCED IN ITS ENTIRETY

Including the Grand March of the Gypsies and the Czardash.

Grand Chorus of 40 Voices.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

Balcony Reserved Seats, 35c and 25c.

Note the Great Cast of Characters:

- Count Arnheim, Governor of Presburg... Mr. JOHN E. BRAND Thaddeus, a proscribed Pole... Mr. HENRY HALLAM Florestin, nephew to the Count... Mr. J. O. POLAND Devilshoof, Chief of the Gypsy Tribe... Mr. CHAS. H. DREW Captain of the Guard... Mr. JESSE JENKINS Arline, the Count's daughter... Miss LAURA CLEMENT Buda, her attendant... Miss LILLIAN SWAIN Queen of the Gypsies... Miss CLARA CHESMAN Nobles, Soldiers, Retainers, Peasants and Gypsies.

N. B. Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts. The action of the Opera is laid in Hungary, during the beginning of this century.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY:

ACT 1—The Chateau and Grounds of Count Arnheim, on the Danube, near Presburg.

ACT 2—Scene 1. Gypsy camp in the outskirts of Presburg. Scene 2. On the road to Presburg. Scene 3. Public square and Hall of Justice in Presburg.

ACT 3—Conservatory in the Chateau of Count Arnheim.

THURSDAY EVENING, 27TH.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Greatest,

THE MIKADO

PRICES--RESERVED SEATS:

Lower Floor, - - 50c

Box Seats, - - 75c

mousee green and lavender, and pink with dull gray.

Brays and shoes have round or square toes—the pointed ones are supposed to save one's feet from the effects of the rain, but the most stylish looking; the others make the feet look too large.

A very novel hat is of leghorn with a peculiar garniture on the inside of the brim of eyes of striped ribbon in cream, blue and brown, which is also used at the front and back in large loops.

Corn-yellow India muslins and French batiste dresses are garniture with white frills, pink China silks and bengalines with Venetian lace bouffes, bertrias and Valois sleeves.

Some of the newest veils being worn at this moment are the clear Russian nets with the skeleton plush spots. Many people are giving up the unbecoming habit of wearing veils on the edge in front.

Graceful surplice waists of transparent tulle, shaped into a pointed yoke by drawing ribbon through a casing made by facing an inch-wide strip from each armhole to a point still lower down on the edge in front.

The present shapes will be retained as regards many of the fall hats, but there will undoubtedly be importations of the very small shapes, such as there has been a great effort to bring in, and which have been seen on many stylish persons, although their use is far from general, the taste seeming to run rather toward a moderately small toque, capote or plateau shape.

New York World: At least 10,000 standard works establish that woman's dress constricts her thorax, plays the duce, scientifically speaking, with her diaphragm, and converts that which nature intended for a walk into something little better than a wobble. True, ten times 10,000 lovely creatures, all health and sprightliness, are found, but science says these are but beautiful exceptions.

The New York Recorder is an able newspaper and all that, but it carries a presumption too far when it informs its readers that a woman five feet three inches tall should weigh 130 pounds, and measure twenty-four inches around the waist, thirty-one inches around the chest, eight inches around the forearm and so on. There is a deal of nonsense about this perfect woman, says the Boston Globe. A well attempted define a perfect rose or a perfect landscape. The woman of five feet three inches or any other height, is a most perfect woman when she possesses a good constitution, keeps herself in health and is satisfied with the figure nature gave her.

The masculine world is much indebted to the Chastiqua ladies, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, for a great deal of valuable information imparted during the passing season. Among other things they have taken an invoice of the esoteric and invisible por-

tion of woman's wardrobe, and give the grand total of such articles as fourteen, which they declare should be reduced to four. They are particularly severe on the coat, but sceptical man will believe that article of apparel is going only when he discovers it is gone. They have a decided preference for drapery of the Greek design, but the chances are that about one season's wear of that kind of togery would result in pneumonia, followed by an immediate change of the mode.

CONJUGALITIES.

Old Hardfeature (on the marriage tour)—Do you like the tunnels, darling? The darling—Yes; if you must kiss me, I don't want to see you!

"Mamma, may I carry the doggie a little while?" No, darling, you might let him fall; but nurse will let you carry the baby, if you ask her.

Everywhere Wilcox says the old bachelors should be taxed to support the old maids. But just think how the girl's would have to humiliate themselves to get on the pension list.

There have been seven marriages among the female clerics of a New York weekly press in seven years, and they each occupied the same desk, which has become a greatly prized one among the remaining clerics.

In an article entitled "Marriage as a Life Preserver," published in a New York literary journal, the writer says that "if longevity is desirable, then it is better that we should marry than remain bachelors; for it appears that at every age from twenty to eighty-five, the death rate of the Benedictine is very much smaller than that of their married brethren."

Deaworth is excited over the approach of the first Chinese wedding in Kansas. The bride—Miss Young Lee—has been a teacher at the Chinese schools in San Francisco. She arrived in Leavenworth the other day wearing a yellow China silk dress made in the latest mode, and is said to be pretty and intelligent. She is going to marry Joe Lee, a laundryman employed at the post, and she is already a favorite with the officers.

A young wife in Georgia is about to sue for divorce on the ground of violation of the marriage contract. She alleges that when, before marriage, she told her sweetheart she was willing to share his poverty and live on bread and water, he pledged his sacred honor that if she would furnish the bread he would hustle around and get the water. And so they were married; but hardly was the honeymoon ended before the collector came around and cut off the street pipe for non-payment of the water rent.

Languages of the World. A German authority says that almost a third of all humanity—that is 400,000,000—speak the Chinese language. Then the Hindu language is spoken by more than 100,000,000. In the third place stands the English, spoken by almost 100,000,000. Fourth, the Russian, with 80,000,000, while the German language is spoken by 57,000,000 tongue and the Spanish by about 48,000,000. Of the European languages the French is fifth in place.

"Johnny," said the minister severely, "Do you know where little boys who swim on Sunday go?" "Oh, most any place where they ain't likely to be so wimmen passin'" was Johnny's reply.

CLOSELY AKIN TO DEMOCRATS

Kentucky and Tennessee Alliance Men Are Built in That Way.

REPUBLICANS A COMMON ENEMY.

Farmers Name Their Candidate and the Democrats Elect Him and Manage to Absolutely Control Him.

MORRISTOWN, Tenn., Aug. 21.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The alliance man of eastern Tennessee and southeastern Kentucky acts very much like a full-blooded dyed-in-the-wool democrat. He attends the various alliance meetings and calls himself an alliance man, but when he attends political primaries and conventions he is first, last and forever a democrat and a "wah" democrat at that. He has not fully forgotten the animosities incurred during the great American conflict, and he keeps these in his mind's eye when he goes to the polls. He remembers how he and his republican neighbor tried to kill each other thirty years ago and he votes as he shot.

There is no attempt toward nominating a state ticket by the alliance in eastern Tennessee. The southern colonel of that mountainous region can not brook the idea of antagonizing anything but republicanism at the polls. The alliance organizations in that region number a great many democrats in their ranks, about 90 or 95 per cent being of the bourbon faith primarily. East Tennessee went republican last fall and elected a republican congressman. With the old war-time enemy in the ascendancy the east Tennessee colonel can ill afford to drain his party of any of its strength by electing a republican congressman.

This would mean political death for the party, and he is slow enough to see it. He then sets to work and counsels the farmers' organization by advocating alliance principles and allows the alliance man to name the democratic candidate on the condition precedent that the man selected be a democrat. This is a sine qua non. The republican farmer is thereby caught. The choice of the alliance has been nominated and he is duty and oath bound to vote for him. The alliance becomes thereby an ally of the democratic party, and the southern colonel is happy.

Organization by advocating alliance principles and allows the alliance man to name the democratic candidate on the condition precedent that the man selected be a democrat. This is a sine qua non. The republican farmer is thereby caught. The choice of the alliance has been nominated and he is duty and oath bound to vote for him. The alliance becomes thereby an ally of the democratic party, and the southern colonel is happy.

The same appears true in all other cases where democrats have been elected by the aid of the farmer vote. The alliance men do not apparently realize that they are being used as catpaws for perpetuating bourbon rule. They are satisfied if the democrat nominated favors or declares that he favors

alliance measures. The idea of a separate and distinct ticket does not seem to enter his head.

None of the farmers whom I met could give any clear reason for joining the alliance. They had a vague idea that the tiller of the soul "ought to have a better show," but no definite plan was suggested or apparently known for the amelioration of his condition. The lazy, half-careless way in which he cares for his crop is characteristic of the manner in which he cultivated his politics. He is too far behind the Nebraska farmer to catch up with him in twenty years.

Even the democratic politicians I met could not give any tangible reason for the existence of the alliance organization. They were either ignorant or affected ignorant of alliance principles. The general idea prevails with them that all the farmer wants is a chance to put men of their choice in office, and the average democrat asks: Ahn't we electing the men that the alliance people select?

This argument is deemed conclusive by the democratic colonel and none dare gainsay it. Meanwhile the colored gets there just the same and swells the democratic returns with the votes of alliance men who have left the republican ranks. It is an excellent device to meet a political necessity and it works well.

It was my good fortune to be in Middleborough, Ky., at the recent state election. Middleborough is the magic city that has sprung up on the site of the last two years near the Tennessee line and just above the famous Cumberland Gap. The style of voting was a revelation to me. Nearly every vote cast was by a negro. I could not see any white men voting at all. The colored men came up in droves under the guidance of white men. I looked in vain for the traditional shotgun. It was not in sight. The shot gun was in its denunciation and had been superseded by the dollar of our dads. The darkies averaged \$3 apiece for their votes, and no bones was made about the matter whatever. Several were enterprising enough to vote a number of times at the same polling place. One old colored fellow openly boasted in my presence that he had made \$35 that day by the manifold process of voting. He declared:

"I don't have to walk for a dollar and a quah like dose dam Eyetallians fixin' up Yellan creek."

Darkies living across in Tennessee were brought over the line in droves and voted. None that I met knew that the election was one for state officers and that a change in the state constitution lay at their mercy. The saloons were in full blast all day long and the streets were filled with drunken men. The polling place was surrounded by a great noisy crowd that kept all persons away except those that were known to be with the gang. Fully a third of the legitimate voters of Middleborough were thereby kept from voting. The police were apparently helpless.

Naturally there was considerable quarreling. While sitting in front of the hotel my attention was called to a worthy war in a nation across the way. Later blows followed. One of the combatants was heavily downed, and the allies of the successful brute aided him in tramping and kicking the life out of the fallen man. The poor fellow was dragged to the back of the saloon, where he died. The body lay in the saloon all night and was cared for by the county next day.

No coroner appeared, no inquest was held, no arrests were made. In answer to my astonished queries I learned that although Middleborough had but 3,000 inhabitants, that nearly a hundred murders had occurred in that city in the brief two years of its existence.

None of the farmers whom I met could give any clear reason for joining the alliance. They had a vague idea that the tiller of the soul "ought to have a better show," but no definite plan was suggested or apparently known for the amelioration of his condition. The lazy, half-careless way in which he cares for his crop is characteristic of the manner in which he cultivated his politics. He is too far behind the Nebraska farmer to catch up with him in twenty years.

Even the democratic politicians I met could not give any tangible reason for the existence of the alliance organization. They were either ignorant or affected ignorant of alliance principles. The general idea prevails with them that all the farmer wants is a chance to put men of their choice in office, and the average democrat asks: Ahn't we electing the men that the alliance people select?

This argument is deemed conclusive by the democratic colonel and none dare gainsay it. Meanwhile the colored gets there just the same and swells the democratic returns with the votes of alliance men who have left the republican ranks. It is an excellent device to meet a political necessity and it works well.

It was my good fortune to be in Middleborough, Ky., at the recent state election. Middleborough is the magic city that has sprung up on the site of the last two years near the Tennessee line and just above the famous Cumberland Gap. The style of voting was a revelation to me. Nearly every vote cast was by a negro. I could not see any white men voting at all. The colored men came up in droves under the guidance of white men. I looked in vain for the traditional shotgun. It was not in sight. The shot gun was in its denunciation and had been superseded by the dollar of our dads. The darkies averaged \$3 apiece for their votes, and no bones was made about the matter whatever. Several were enterprising enough to vote a number of times at the same polling place. One old colored fellow openly boasted in my presence that he had made \$35 that day by the manifold process of voting. He declared:

"I don't have to walk for a dollar and a quah like dose dam Eyetallians fixin' up Yellan creek."

Darkies living across in Tennessee were brought over the line in droves and voted. None that I met knew that the election was one for state officers and that a change in the state constitution lay at their mercy. The saloons were in full blast all day long and the streets were filled with drunken men. The polling place was surrounded by a great noisy crowd that kept all persons away except those that were known to be with the gang. Fully a third of the legitimate voters of Middleborough were thereby kept from voting. The police were apparently helpless.

Naturally there was considerable quarreling. While sitting in front of the hotel my attention was called to a worthy war in a nation across the way. Later blows followed. One of the combatants was heavily downed, and the allies of the successful brute aided him in tramping and kicking the life out of the fallen man. The poor fellow was dragged to the back of the saloon, where he died. The body lay in the saloon all night and was cared for by the county next day.

pure white, and all who enter must be clad in white. The temple is for angels to come and hold communion with man. She claims to be a member of the Order of Angels, and that Jesus himself has been in the temple and approved of it. She says she knew Him in life.

The Baptists are building a railway chapel, and it is sixty feet long and ten feet wide. The car will be run upon the extended system of the Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central railroads. It is to be fitted up with all the requirements of the modern chapel, including organ, baptistry and hymnology. The Rev. Dr. Wayland Howt of Minneapolis is to direct it, and Messrs. Colgate Hoyt and Charles L. Colby of New York are among its financial backers.

Of Cardinal Manning a correspondent writes: "Notwithstanding his weight in years, he is still active and well, as busy with his books and as much interested in the topic of the hour as he was at sixty. Perhaps the greatest inconvenience which age has brought him is a growing inability to face our somewhat trying weather. Until recently he has scarcely been out of doors half a dozen times since last September, and then only to keep important engagements."

The annual statistics of the Presbyterian church, just completed by Dr. William Henry Roberts, the stated clerk, show a growth in the number of churches and communicants and presbyteries, and a decrease in the amount of contributions. There are 7,070 churches, a growth of 176 in the year; the total number of communicants is 806,790; against 775,963 for 1890; the number of presbyteries is 216, an advance of three in 1891; there are 6,223 ministers as against 6,155 last year, an increase of only 68; the contributions show a falling off, being \$14,062,920, instead of \$14,368,121.

A novel plan for extinguishing a church debt has been hit upon in Melbourne, Australia. The church committee—very busy, as the case may be—divided the total debt among themselves, and each man insures his life for the amount that falls to his share. The policies are transferred to the church, and the annual payments on them are made out of the collections. Then, of course, as the members of the committee "drop off," the sums insured on their lives drop in, and later, when the only survivor dies, the last installment of the church debt is paid.

Keep off the Grass.

The schoolmasters of Fresno, Cal., are evidently "abroad." The town supervisors seek to preserve the park from injury by posting the following notice: "All persons are hereby forbidden from loitering upon, lying or tramping upon any grass or plots, excepting respectable women, and children under the age of twelve years, in charge of their parents or attendants."

Whittier's Tribute to Lowell.

From pure wells of English undefiled None deeper drank than he, the New World's Child Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke The wit and wisdom of New England folk, Shaming a monstrous wrong; the world-wide laugh Provoked though might well have shaken hall. The wail of slavery down ere yet the ball And mine of battle overthrow them all.